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THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

LADY GODIVA RETURNS FOR

CANNONBALL

A LETTER FROM GODIVA

1057

Eight hundred and seven years ago last night, I was riding a horse through the quiet English town of Coventry. It had been a bountiful harvest that year, and in celebration of this, my lord, Edward Cannon, invited the entire countryside to a grand ball in his castle. It was to this, the Cannon Ball that I was going.

I know it seems odd that I ride to a dance naked, but I'm not a bad girl, really. I simply didn't have a thing to wear! And it was so embarrassing! I mean that affair with the constabulary and all. You see I never did get to the dance, because I was arrested for riding a nude horse

I guess I was so mad, my emotion distorted the spatio-temporal field, and I drifted aimlessly through the continuum until last night. Unex-

pectedly, I reappeared in an apartment that I thought at first was in Cannon's Castle. But I know now that I am indeed hundreds of years in future, and this great stone building is not really a castle at all!

Indeed, I was delighted to learn it is the home of not one, but four great ballrooms, and that all of them will be used for another Cannonball — on a far grander scale than Edward's even — just two weeks from now. Think that for the first time in recent history of this magnificent structure, both the Gym and the Great Hall will be thrown open for dancing on the same evening! And the calibre of entertainment and lavishness of decorations have never been equalled in all my journey down the channels of time. But oh dear, I'm interrupting my story.

At first, the handsome bachelor who owns the building, seemed surprised to see me sitting on my horse in his bedroom. I was dismayed for a minute, afraid that my presence in some way embarrassed him. But no! His face broke into a wide smile and I knew that it was going to be all right.

"Welcome, my lady," he said, and slipped effortlessly out of the covers. He rose to assist me down, and his open bed, and his open arms as he moved toward me were unbearably inviting. Tenderly, he swung me off my mount, and laid me in his bed. My heart began to throb uncontrollably.

Then the damn fool leaped upon my horse, and rode off down the hall shouting "Hi Yo Silver Away!"

Lady Godiva



LADY GODIVA
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To The Greatest Dance In The History Of This University*

CANNONBALL

HART HOUSE, NOV. 34

1057

9-1

\$2.50

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featuring

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*This dance is presented by the Engineering Society, under the patronage
of Lady Godiva, for the enjoyment of the entire University*

Canst Thou In Honour Refuse?

TOIKE

THE NOW-AND-THEN
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no one will admit to it

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R. Thompson

A letter from the EDITOR

L.R.X. Morris

Howard White, our Features Editor, was sipping a Zombie in Toike's Toronto bureau and planning to interview Chief Robb of the Mickey Mouse Squad when the news of revolt began to filter in from the Varsity office. That newspaper's very existence was threatened due to a forthcoming Wednesday newspaper. IBM had purchased an eight page foldout and there was no room for copy! With his knowledge of the complicated U of T terrain, White was the logical choice from Toike's 300 man staff to study the symptoms and get the story.

After phoning his mother to tell her that he would not return for the weekend, White immediately presented his resignation to Toike's astonished Editor.

"It'll be damned," White barked, "if I'm going to risk annihilation by one of those infernal sight seeing buses just to get a story for this newsmagazine."

Following three hours of bribes and promises, White left for the SAC Building escorted by three squadrons of U of T police riding white Hondas.

In front of the magnificent edifice White began to speculate on his greatest problem; the forest of trees guarding the building was virtually impenetrable. White immediately attempted to chicken out again.

His respite came when SAC Pres. John Roberts hacked his way into the interior using a wad of dried up Varsitys.

In the Varsity office, White conferred with Toike, spy photographers, who comprise almost half of the Varsity's staff. Yes it was true and no one was worried in the least bit. Said Varsity Editor Harvey L. Harvey: "The difference between an all ad Wednesday Varsity and the usual issue will be miniscule to the average reader. Besides, we justified our existence last week (see Varsity, Nov. 20, 1964).

Since White returned not knowing whether or not the Varsity was going all ads, he has forfeited his paycheck for this week. Toike magazine doesn't fool around.

For this week's cover story on Dr. Archibald von Heinrich-Schmidt, TOIKE Toronto has done something that no other Canadian newsmagazine can do; use a cover oil painting the day after it was finished.



Last night, Dr. von Heinrich-Schmidt was flown to Toronto from Hawaii via Air-Canada. Sitting for five consecutive hours for TOIKE's artist Raskinbasheff, the famed physicist's image was captured deftly in the finest oils. Following the sitting, the RCAF flew the painting to National Research Council labs in Ottawa in a swift CF-104 American Starfighter.

Here the masterpiece was electronically dried and aged in a pulsed-laser oven. On return to Toronto the painting was precisely photographed by TOIKE's zoomer Polaroid camera with 10 second performance. Daison's offset presses were converted to letterpress by an army of workers who toiled relentlessly for three weeks. This enabled the photo to be printed in a new process called "black and white". Eliminating the need for the usual four plates (required for full colour) "black and white" enables unrivalled speed and eliminates troublesome registration problems.

So far as we know, no one not—even Life magazine—has produced a cover portrait in such a complicated and obviously ludicrous manner.

col-le'gi-an?

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CLARK'S PHYSICAL & MATHEMATICAL TABLES by CLARK.

91 pages, Oliver & Boyd 35c cheap.

Anyone who has taken the time to read Clark's Tables from cover to cover is no doubt aware of the greatness of this book.

Perhaps the best example of its literary merit appears on pages 52 and 56, where (if one takes the trouble to graph the specific heat of various substances against the Young's modulus of these same substances), it becomes immediately apparent that the plot is excellent.

Rapid Pace. Providing an introduction to the rest of the volume, the first 32 pages may be called "The Book of Numbers". Action and drama occur at a very rapid pace and a mere flip of the page is usually enough to invoke that literary device known as "turning the tables." Of course, no story is complete without foreshadowing, and Clark recognizes this by placing sines in this book. And in an unprecedented display of imagination he has devoted part of page 27 to a horticultural selection on square and cube roots.

But it is in the second half of this volume that the literary merit of this book surpasses anything else known. A mere glance on page 76 at the formula for the Rydberg constant will indicate the degree of symbolism involved. However a deeper analysis, beginning on page 33, will bring to light many more amazing literary feats.

Magnetic Appeal. On page 33 we find formulae for the volume of geometrical forms. This is indicative of the book's great depth. Digressing into the realm of gastronomy, Clark gives formulae for pi, both square and cubic. Any reader who ventures as far as page 35 finds that the book has magnetic appeal and he is hopelessly trapped as the words flow thick and fast, starting with the definition of viscosity. This too has appeal for the sophisticated reader with lots of poise. Beginning with a discussion of the watt, we witness the power of this volume, as well as the fact that it concerns itself with current events.

It is by now obvious (or should be at any rate!) that Clark has shown himself to have a tremendous command of literary devices. By discussing various gaseous coefficients of thermal expansion he defends himself from those critics who assert he is full of hot air; indeed, a table of critical temperatures serves to reverse the argument.

It is also in this section that tension and stresses are built up until, on page 49, we reach a momentous climax: "Whodunnit?" the reader demands; and on page 50 comes the answer: Elemental . . . actinium, aluminium . . . zincium ad nauseum.

Hidden Meanings. Abandoning his policy of using subt-

lety to veil his drama, Clark discloses to the reader (on page 56) that the plot at this point has only "surface tension" with the obvious innuendo that the reader should not search too deeply for hidden meanings. This is Clark's greatest contribution to the field of literature; and if the idea were copied by other great contemporaries of Clark's, it would do much to reduce the chaos that now reigns in English literature classes.

In terminating this review, it is important to point out that Clark ends on a note of harmony in his discussion of musical scales on pages 66 and 67. The book is so down to earth that on page 68 there is a general description of our planet. Yet it is not too light-hearted either for there is an entire dissertation on page 72 concerning the grav-

ity of Man's position on earth (w.r.t. latitude and longitude). And as a final gesture to the interested reader, Clark finally discusses the moral breakdown in our society, complete with tables on family decay . . .

We Doubt It. Throughout this analysis we have seen how great literary devices have been cunningly concealed in the pages of a Skuleman's book. Has the Dept of English been able to ferret out these words of art? Are they even aware of this classic in that stone travesty to the north? We doubt it! Has any English lecturer ever opened Clark's Tables to peruse its great literary merit? We doubt it! The conclusion is obvious: the Toike Oike and all literary minded Skulemen recommend that Clark's Tables be made required reading for all English courses. Arise Artsmen and be saved! eh?



EDUCATION

The quiet, ancient old grandfather slowly walked down the peaceful street under a bright warm summer sky. Suddenly blinded by a flash of light he heard a loud roar, and the terrible thunder of the ancient gods unleashed. The Bomb was dropped on Hiroshima that day. Now that we have started in Typical irrelevant Toike style we shall really begin our article.

Why does education in Ontario take 13 years to obtain the same level of academic achievement as other provinces and indeed most countries in 12 years? Why are Non-Ontario educated professors appalled by the complete lack of knowledge of Calculus or any Basis Mathematics by our First Year students?

The simple-minded tend to put all the blame for our poor educational system on that tired old scapegoat Grade 13 — the year which was supposed to be one FREE year of University. They claim

Grade 13 is much too tough for the average person yet they fail to realize that it is not Grade 13 which is too tough, but that it is the early grades which are too easy. Did you know that: Trigonometry — that so called "different" Grade 13 subject — is taught to the same or a higher level of proficiency in the tenth grade in Quebec — one of our so called "Backward Provinces". Calculus is first introduced to Swedish and British students in the seventh and eighth grades. Students who move to the United States are forced to lose at least one year while he makes up for his complete lack of knowledge of mathematics and modern science.

Some people defend our system because it gives the student a Broad Basic General Education. We are the first to admit the value of a Liberal Arts Basic Education. But why should so much of the primary school pupil's time be wasted on such non-sensical subjects as art,

MARIJUANA FOR FUN AND PROFIT

THE PLANT

Marijuana is obtained from the hemp plant. There is only one species — *Cannabis sativa* — not to be confused with sisal hemp, manilla hemp, or New Zealand hemp. There are three rather distinct types; the drug-producing, the seed-producing, and the fibre-producing. The differences between the types seem to be more a matter of environment than of heredity, as changes are observed when climate and cultivation are changed. The principal drug-producing varieties are *cannabis indica* (Indian hemp), and *kif* (or *kief*), grown in north Africa. As these varieties are rather scarce in Canada, it may be necessary to make do with Chinese hemp, which is grown in Kentucky for fibre, or Minnesota wild hemp. These are rather inefficient drug-producers, but if cultivated properly, they can be quite satisfactory. The hemp plant is an annual, 1-5 metres in height, with a rigid stalk having pronounced nodes. If not crowded, it will have a thick stalk with many branches; if crowded, it will have a thinner stalk with branches only at the top. The drug-producers are generally shorter than the fibre-producers. The leaves are palmate, dark green, and have 5-10 leaflets. The leaflets are serrated, 5-15 cm. long, and pointed. The male and female flowers are borne on separate plants. The male is green-yellow or purple, 5-petaled, and has yellow pollen. The female is inconspicuous, a thin, green, pointed pod. The seed is nearly spherical, mottled, and from dark grey to light brown. The darker seed is preferred.

CULTIVATION

Hemp is by no means a tropical plant. It has been grown as a field crop as far north as Saskatoon. The soil should be rich, moist, and well-drained, not sandy, hard, or acid. Fertilizing with manure well before planting is recommended. It is sown in the spring as soon as frost danger is past, 3" to 2" deep, and about 3-4 bushels acre. It is rarely injured by insects or disease, and needs no cultivation. Thus it may be planted in parks, ravines, and other vacant land, where one may disclaim all responsibility for it. Dryness tends to produce dwarf varieties, and the hotter and drier the climate, the greater the amount of drug-bearing resin produced. There is little that can be done about this factor if it is planted outdoors, but if it is grown indoors, it is desirable to maintain as hot and dry a climate as possible without killing the plant. Bright sunlight is particularly beneficial.

HARVESTING

When the female plant is about to flower, a sticky resin appears on the buds, and often spreads to the leaves. It continues to form until the seed is ripe. It appears to contain most of the intoxicant. A product called charas is prepared by cutting and slowly drying the flower heads. These are crushed to

a fine powder, melted gently (in hot sunlight), stored a few days in a leather bag and kneaded to remove the oily matter. The charas, a green-black mass with a characteristic odour, is then ready for use. Bhang is prepared by simply cutting, drying, and powdering the leaves and flowering shoots. Ganja is prepared by removing the large leaves when the resin begins to form. A resinous mass then forms about the flowering shoots. The plants are cut, left in the hot sun for a few hours, and then kneaded to extract the resin. Ganja and charas are generally mixed with tobacco and smoked. Bhang is normally drunk in water. In the mid-east, hemp products are often made into a paste and eaten. They may also be extracted with alcohol and mixed with jams, or mixed with crushed nuts and used as a stuffing for dates. Hashish is an extract (resin) rather than crushed leaves, etc. In the western world, the flowering tops are cut, dried, freed of coarse material, and smoked. It is well to remember that extracts are more difficult to recognize than the crushed plant. Identification is made more difficult if the extract is absorbed in tobacco. It can then be identified only by chromatography after an involved purification process. Eucalyptus leaf is best for disguising cannabis extracts — if one likes the idea of smoking eucalyptus leaf. If cannabis is smoked, effects will be felt within 15 minutes. If it is eaten, it will take 1-2 hours or more.

SYNTHESIS

Working with Minnesota wild hemp, Adams, Baker, et al, at the University of Illinois obtained an extract by the use of petroleum ether. This was distilled, and a low boiling fraction, called red oil because of its colour, was found to contain most of the intoxicant. This oil was further separated into seven constituents. The most physiologically active of these was tetrahydrocannabinol.

A method of synthesizing this compound is described in the Journal of the American Chemical Society, vol. 62 (1940), pp. 2401-2408. An article on the separation of the fractions of red oil appears on pp. 2194-2196 of the same volume. The synthesis is quite complex, and beyond the scope of this article, as well as the ability of most (but not, it is hoped, all) of its readers. Of more practical use to the average vaper is a method of isomerizing the inactive constituents to produce active ones. If cannabidiol, one of the inactive constituents, in ethanol solution is refluxed with very dilute HCl for about 8 hours, it will be converted to tetrahydrocannabinol. In the interests of simplicity, it should be possible to so treat the entire red oil without separation. Thus the enterprising chemist can produce a form of marijuana vastly superior to that sold on Dundas Street.

(Watch for a forthcoming article on our friend, the Opium Poppy). by Leofric

(continued on page 12)

CANADA or the U.S.

AVIATION: Onward, Upward, Forward and Sideways with the RX-550

The proposed cutback in development funds for the RX-550, the Air Force's radical new fair-weather fighter-bomber (designed to fly sideways at speeds in excess of 4,000 m.p.h. with the reported capability of carrying a full payload of atomic weapons anywhere in the world on a clear day) was hotly contested this morning by Air Force Lieutenant General Homer Tapworth as "completely indefensible from the point of view of national safety, the global mission of the United States Air Force, and a sound military procurement policy." (See Toike, Nov. 18, 1962.)

Braganza Bombers. "At present," declared General Tapworth, 39, whose views were made known in a commencement address to the graduating class of the Densher College of Forestry, in New Elm, Colorado, "the Air Defense requirements of the United States rest firmly on sixteen already positioned squadrons of the Menelaus missile, which have been carefully hidden all over the state of Montana, and on fifty-five wings of the SD-99 "Braganza" bombers, all of whose planes are constantly in the air at any given moment." This represents the so-called "twin-option" strategy, which enables the air commander to use the Menelaus missiles if he cannot locate the SD-99 bombers or if they are all out of fuel at the same time, or to use the bombers (provided he can find them), if the Menelaus should develop some malfunction, or a "hardening" of the launch facility.

Ever hastening Strides. But "in five years, or even in five months," General Tapworth warned, our present generation of weapons systems will have become obsolete, as a result of what he referred to as "the ever-hastening strides of new technology," obsolescence, and general breakage. To cancel out the RX-550 on the basis of "impersonal computerlike accounting" which, the general declared, is "contrary to the American system of personal computerlike accounting," would be "akin to national suicide as we know it."

Spokesman for the defense department, however, vigorously defend the controversial evaluation of the RX-550. In a signed article (alleged to have been personally approved and corrected for misplaced modifiers and errors in punctuation by the President himself) appearing initially in the St. Mark's school "VINDEX," Lemuel Johnson, chief of the Outgoing Order Division of the Defense Department, explained that "after six and

one half years' development by the Beowulf company, three test wash-outs, five 'in-air' destructs, a long stretch of cloudy weather last October and the expenditure of forty-seven billion dollars, serious doubts have been raised as to the ability of the RX-550 to sustain minimum characteristics, especially in the area of remaining aloft under powered flight for an appreciable length of time."

Sex. In point of fact, say knowledgeable Defense insiders, the RX-550 has been beset by difficulties of one sort or another ever since its inception, under the doctrine

Defense officials now privately concede that perhaps "too much" was asked of a single company when they requested an airframe design that would be of equal use to the Air Force, the Navy, the Army, and the Bureau of Mines. But they nonetheless point out that several recurring engineering defects in prototype models have had a "delimiting effect" on the overall usefulness of the RX-550. Officials connected with the project singled out as "delimiting" the tendency of the early prototype models to turn themselves upside down at the moment of bomb re-

lease, and the tendency of the fortified cardboard, which has been used in the fuselage to "reduce shrinkage" to "pebble" or fly apart in gales of up to thirty knots.

RX-550 to Rival Mariner II? WHY NOT?

Shrinkage. Beowulf company officers, however, feel that "inevitable minor difficulties" they have experienced in developing the RX-550 have been over-emphasized at the expense of some of the "solid engineering triumphs" that they have also achieved. Norman Naurag, RX-550 project manager for Beowulf, while conceding a difficulty in bomb-release procedures that had yet to be "licked" observed that as a result of an extremely painstaking investigation into the problem of "shrinkage" — involving the construction, at the company's expense, of an immense tank

of water in which segments of the partially destroyed prototype and 23 company engineers were suspended for several hours at a time — virtual solution to the problem has been reached, involving the substitution of gebrium for fortified cardboard and a wholesale replacement of the engineering staff.

The prospects for a full-dress investigation of the RX-550 Affair, as it is currently known, have become increasingly likely as Congressman Ernest Gruce, chairman of the Roving Investigative Committee on Widespread and



edly offered to build the RX-550 for free, as "a gesture of self-sacrifice in keeping with the mood and spirit of the present administration."

"If this as yet unconfirmed rumor is true," Congressman Gruce stated yesterday, "the American people are entitled to know a good bit more about it — to say nothing of those simple, ordinary men and women of the farms and prairies who bought Gammage common at 37, on the reasonable democratic assumption that it would break out of a trading pattern around 45, and hit 50 before the end of the summer."

Defense officials, however, have already stated, both privately and semi-publicly, that there is "absolutely no basis" to the charge of favoritism for Beowulf at the expense of Gammage Aviation. "Certainly no one wants a sloppy set of specifications," said Lemuel Johnson at a stormy Defense Department press conference last week, "and the Beowulf Company has always, in war and peace, turned in a neat, clean, well-ruled set of plans, which is more than I can say for several other well-known corporations in this business. But you can bet there were plenty of other considerations involved, one of which, unfortunately, I am at liberty to mention at the moment."

At the end of the week, amid a mounting crescendo of charges and counter-charges (at the bottom of which, informed authorities claim, lies the question of the very survival, in an age of missiles and rockets, of a manned Defense Department) reports from sources close to the White House indicated that the President himself would step in to resolve the dispute, either by cancelling the RX-550 outright, or by offering to continue work on the project on the basis that Canada would pay half the costs and "would have the use of any aircraft that might result on alternate weekends."

"It is not an ideal situation," the President is said to have remarked with customary realism, "but then it is not an ideal aircraft. You can be sure, however, that come what may, we will do whatever best accords with our defense commitments: full employment, maintenance of a 4.7-percent growth rate, disarmament, reduction of the payments deficit, our long-standing bond, our deeper-than-merer friendship with the people of Great Britain, and of course, the national interest."

—Eric McLune

Flagrant Abuses. announced his intention of calling "all responsible officials" from government, business, the military and the clergy to "come forward and testify" on the RX-550, "in full dress, if need be."

Unconfirmed Rumors. Congressman Gruce is said to be especially interested in as yet unconfirmed stories, current for many months in inside circles, to the effect that the original contract for development and design of the RX-550 was let to the Beowulf Company, in competition with Gammage Aviation, Inc., of Gammage, New Mexico, largely, if not entirely on the basis of "neatness of presentation", and despite the fact that Gammage had report-

U O F T ELECTION RABBLE

TOIKE newsmagazine has received the following two letters concerning our last issue, the "Election Special". They are reprinted below in their entirety.

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading your issue of November 3, 1964. I feel that it was principally responsible for the disastrous defeat of the Republican Party in the United States. The TOIKE newsmagazine has done a great injustice to the people of the U.S.; therefore, I demand the resignation of your political editor, Rick Ross, due to his gross incompetency. Furthermore, as I will be unemployed as of January 3, 1965 I would like to apply for the position.

I understand that all TOIKE staff members must be students at the University of Toronto. I plan to take a course there next year, in a subject with which I am very familiar—18th century history.

Angrily,
B.G.

Phoenix, Arizona.

Ed. Note: Not just anyone is good enough to write for the TOIKE.

Following is the second letter.

Dear Sir:

Congratulations:

I have just finished reading your issue of November 3, 1964. I feel it was principally responsible for the Democratic landslide. I have been reading the TOIKE since my first Senate term. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
L.B.J.

Washington, D.C.

PARLIAMENT

Mass Stupidity

Mantled in snow under a leaden fall sky, Parliament Hill had a new development in the flag crisis yesterday. Opposition Leader Diefenbaker attempted to smother Prime Minister Pearson with one of the new "three maple leaf" flags.

In a Word, NO! That was Pearson's answer to Diefenbaker's plea to fly the Red Ensign. Pearson, still gasping for air, added that he was willing to scrap the three maple leaf design under the condition that Canada fly something other than the Red Ensign. The Prime Minister said he had in mind flying Diefenbaker from a flag pole.

Other Wierd Ideas. Outside the Commons, one MP said he favoured an entirely new flag design. It would consist of an American bald eagle with a beaver clutched in its claw. Many French Canadian MP's are expected to support this design provided that the eagle has a "fleur de lis insignia" on his chest.

Peace and goodwill did not dominate the scene outside the Parliament buildings. A large number of MP's were shouting their suggestions for designs to our TOIKE news-magazine reporter.

"For Christmas," one French member yelled, "I would like to see a white flag with 'FLAG' written on one side and 'DRAPEAU' on the other". An unidentified New Democrat said that the three maple leaf design looks wishy-washy like Pearson's character.

CITY COUNCIL

A Suggestion. Controller Lamport has suggested having city-controlled sweepstakes in an effort to raise money to build hospitals. However, the city council members, in their infinite wisdom, voted down his motion.

Just recently the SAC has taken stands on matters of great social significance such as the South African trade boycott. We call for the SAC to take a stand on legalizing sweepstakes for hospital construction.

Rick Ross
Political Editor

ADVICE AND CONSENT

How to Avoid Being Arrested and What to Do If You Are.

It is, of course, best to avoid being questioned in the first place. The technique may be summed up in two words: be inconspicuous. Dress to match your surroundings; your clothes should be similar to those of the people around you. It may be advantageous to be somewhat better dressed, but not enough to make people notice you. Walk at whatever pace suits you, but make it a fairly constant pace. Do not loiter or stop unnecessarily, and above all, do not run. Never look furtive or unsure; always act as if you own whatever place you are in. Whenever possible, avoid lanes, doorways, and other dark places. If you must enter, be sure you can-



not be observed, or have a valid reason. Do not be seen twice in the same place or by the same person.

Drunks & Drivers. In an automobile, all the above rules apply, as well as several others. Pay particular attention to dress: nothing looks as suspicious as shabbily-dressed person in an expensive car. Make sure all your lights are in working order, and obey all traffic laws. Do not, however, drive too slowly or carefully; many drunks, unsure of their driving ability, drive with the utmost cau-

tion. The police know this.

The following things fairly scream "stolen car" and are very likely to get you stopped:

A broken window that may have been used as a point of

entry, signs of neglect that may indicate you don't really care about the car, license plates whose condition is different from that of the rest of the car, wired-on plates,

(continued on page 14)

CELEBRATION SALE

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PER COUPLE!

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SCIENCE

MAN OF THE YEAR

(see cover)
The world is a cacophonous symphony composed of wildly divergent arpeggios standing in diametrically opposed relation to each other. Within a matrix of naturally harmonious phenomena, adding sharp strident notes of discord, stand the human entries who, by definition, disrupt the melancholy flow of the ebb of history (see TOIKE, Oct. 7).

But if there is anything constant in this crazy, flipflop, helter-skelter, wise and cynical world of ours, it is our undying admiration and reverence for the incandescence of greatness. Every age has its charismatic incarnation whose dreams form the goals of society, whose talents provide its ultimate destination. From Alexander to Newton to Hefner, their names would perhaps fill only a single page but their achievements form the whole body of learning known as history.

Such a man is Dr. Archibald von Heinrich-Schmidt — Our Man of the Year. Dr. Archibald (as he is affectionately called by his harried students) thus takes his place beside other great men who have had this completely valueless honour foisted upon them — men such as Hugh Hefner

familiar to most of the public. From a humble and somewhat untimely birth, his genius and persistent devotion to non-essentials carried him steadily upward. His first serious plunge into the world of science came in 1914 when he set up his laboratory in the small Balkan town of Sarajevo. Working on the theory of misguided projectiles and defects in their firing mechanisms and kinetic operation of the original charge, his first experiment had the unfortunate side effect of mortally wounding his Uncle Ferdinand. The ultimate result of his works, however, was felt in all the capitals of the world and, some experts feel, changed the course of world history.

Passiveness is the Source of Power. Dr. Schmidt's greatest achievement was also the source of his greatest disappointment and frustration. After working for two years, under antediluvian conditions, he finally developed the formula $e=cm^2$ explaining the relation between several undetermined fields, only to have his notes pirated before he could publish the results of his work. Those responsible for the theft cleverly disguised the formula and published it over the signature of some unknown gloryseeker. An attempt to tell the world that the formula was a fake and its use could only result in tragedy on a massive scale, was useless. No one listened (see TOIKE, 1935).

Crushed by the blow, Dr. Schmidt returned into a self-imposed solitude — working alone, taking no notes and publishing no results. He shunned all attempts to interview him or publicise his work. The only way this publication was able to get his story was to offer him a sizeable emolument — gratefully accepted in the name of science.

What's in a name? A small (5' 5"), boyish-looking (34), man with an unruly shock of jet-black hair (170 lbs), Schmidt keeps in excellent physical shape by walking 5 miles a day when he rises at 6:00 a.m. On the street he is easily recognizable, but because of his deeply ingrained shyness he often refuses to acknowledge his identity to people who recognize him. Once when stopped by a young man who asked him if he was really THE Dr. Archibald von Heinrich-Schmidt, he blushed and replied softly, "Nein, mein name ist Katz." Why pick the name Katz? Says Schmidt, "I vunce knew a young man named Katz who reminded me of vat I was like in mein youth."

Dr. Schmidt's intense dislike of the limelight and his desire to be free from society's gaze have made him a difficult man to reach. Three years ago, this determination to be left alone prompted him to arrange for his own death and funeral (abetted by engineers at the University of Toronto) (see TOIKE 1962). Rumour has it that the real reason he de-

cided to leave Toronto, where he had been working, was the re-naming of a new chemistry building. Dr. Schmidt had felt honoured that the new building would be named the Dr. Archibald von Heinrich-Schmidt Institute for Advanced Chemical Research. When it came to placing the name on the wall, however, the space reserved for it was too small. The edifice was abruptly renamed the Lash Miller Building. Who's Lash Miller? "Sounds like a cowboy," snorted Schmidt.

Whatever the real reason was for his leaving, Dr. Archibald nevertheless did leave, and disappeared into one of the most inaccessible regions of the world—Quebec.

Peripatetic Pedant. Since then he has continued working in several different fields — the most important of which has been the effect on the implosory influence on the determination of the colour of an n-sided phlogiston molecule.

One of the difficulties of the work in this area has been the volatile nature of the materials Dr. Schmidt has been using. There seems to be a limit to the period of stability. Once this period is over — everything goes up in smoke.

Sometime last year, the eminent pedant decided to send a sample of his research to a colleague for testing & examination. Wrapping it carefully in brown paper, he addressed it and dropped it in the mail box. Several hours later the box was reduced to a pile of rubble. He tried several more times but there seems to be an error in the calculations. Until the error is corrected, the Quebec habitants are praying the brilliant old gentleman has given up trying.

But Dr. Schmidt's interests are far too ubiquitous as well as peripheral and periphrastic, to be limited only to the world of science. Soon after he retired into voluntary seclusion, Dr. Schmidt—always a little on the pink side — was invited to Moscow to advise the Soviet government on its agricultural program and to solve its wheat growing problem. He so impressed Khrushchev with his works that he received a letter of gratitude afterwards saying that as long as friend Nicky was around, there would always be a warm welcome for him in Moscow.

An added reward came from the Canadian Wheat Board in the form of a cheque. With the cheque came a short note of appreciation for his work on the Russian wheat growing efforts.

What's Nhu? Over the years, this quixotic defender of man's belief in a mercurial Armageddon has become a ubiquitous troubleshooter roaming the world in search

of windmills; recklessly storming the ramparts of ignorance.

Encountering a structural problem in a wall they were building (see TOIKE, Aug. 4) the government of East Berlin desperately sought his counsel. Dr. Schmidt soon arrived, pinpointed the problem and the wall was built in record time. Says Schmidt, "The simplest solution is usually the easiest vun, unless the time factor is complicated by a reliance on stellar observations. In this case, it was not. Therefore, it was a fairly straightforward problem."

Even the U.S. has from time to time called on Dr. Archibald for help. Several years ago, he journeyed to Viet Nam as a special adviser to the State Department. His advice — President Diem must go. There was a hint — never substantiated — that the real reason for this diagnosis was Dr. Schmidt's personal involvement with the Mme Nhu, but both of them denied this. "We are just good friends," glared Mme Nhu. The old doctor, when queried, just smiled weakly and issued a terse "No comment".

Harmonious Discord. There were more problems and more solutions and more after those. But there comes a time when a restless wanderer grows weary, when a seething brain seeks respite in the limpid pool of its reflections

— a time when the awesome thunderclap becomes the distant call of history and the saga of the universe, a playful fairy tale. This point is reached by every man whose life has been full — where existence has had meaning. It was also reached by Dr. Archibald von Heinrich-Schmidt.

In the twilight of his years, he has abandoned his blood-feud with Claude Bissell and returned to his old haunts in the MacLennan Laboratory. Since his return, however, he has not been idle. He has fostered the erection of a new physics building to be named the Dr. Archibald von Heinrich-Schmidt Institute for Advanced Physical Research. Determined that the name will go on the building this time, Dr. Schmidt pushed for and got a fourteen storey building. If the name will not fit over the door, it will have plenty of space in a vertical line down the side of the structure. The old brain may be a little slower, but it hasn't stopped completely.

A legend? Dr. Archibald von Heinrich-Schmidt has become a legend in his own time. His perspicacious self-indulgence and ribald introspection created a chemistry that has left an indelible mark on our world and our aspirations for the future. To the discords of life, he has brought harmony

— Irv Kumer



"VON-HEINRICH SCHMIDT"

A man among men

(see TOIKE, March 16), Tom Mix (see TOIKE, May 5), Red Kelly (see TOIKE, Jan 3) and others (see TOIKE Feb. 4).

A Wet Bird Won't Fly. Schmidt is, however, far more than a Man of the Year — more more than the symbol of our age. Forming a bridge between an era in which man had mastered the elusive spirit of existence and one in which we have substituted that mastery for an ethereal view of reality, Schmidt, like a latter-day colossus, has his feet firmly entrenched in the ideals of men who have preceded him while his gaze is fixed always to the heavens, above earth gashing highway departments and bovine peoplelicking corporate salt (see GOVERNMENT).

Dr. Schmidt's life has been amply documented (see TOIKE, March 1962), and is

ASTRONOMY

ECLIPSE ECLIPSES

No Moon In June

From the scientist stocked Jet Propulsion Labs in Sacramento, Cal., U.S. astronomers received a shocking statement. The moon, JPL, scientists state, will not survive its Dec. 18th eclipse.

Crinkling like Pastry

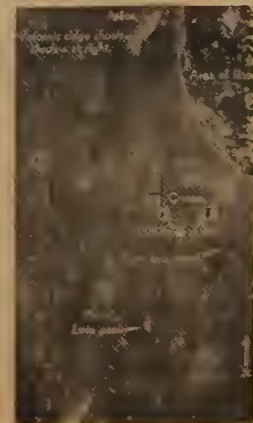
During each lunar blackout the natural satellite experiences a rapid transition from hot to cold and back again. JPL scientist Walter S. Weissman, 38, has pointed out the consequences of the repeated eclipses. "The stresses and strains of heating and cooling have caused multi-million fissures in the surface", he warned, "and the last few eclipses have been dark." Low reflectivity of the crinkled, pastry-like surface was cited for the dark eclipses.

Ranger Reveals. But the final proof lies in Ranger 7's revealing moon photos (see TIME, Sept 18). Networks of fissures dominate the final photos. And newspaper reproductions have not shown these. Weissman has calculated that this eclipse will cause complete disintegration of the moon upon emergence from the earth's shadow.

Said Dr. Weissman: We can truly expect that a ring system similar to that of Saturn will form.

Reactionary Reactions When informed of JPL's pronouncement, Dr. Sidly J. MacPetrie of David Dunlop Observatory (see TOIKE, April 12, 1946) said: We haven't looked at the moon lately so we can't say. But Sir Bernard Lovell of Jodrell Bank emphasized that if "Toike magazine prints the story it must be true."

— LRX





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DIED: Mr. Wm. Shakespeare, well-known lecher-about-town, author of several plays of doubtful cleanliness. Deceased from an overdose of praze, a deadly drug when applied in large amounts. To his relatives, we are sorry this announcement took 400 years to be made, but this magazine was not printed then.

MARRIED: Ronald Evans, 24, former chairman of the Engineering Debates Club, up-and-coming IBMer; and Coleen Kirkpatrick, 21, presently a student at this University, heiress to one large hairy dog and one-half acre of prime Canadian grass; he for the first time and she for the first time. The newlyweds met two years ago and the romance began at the Cannonball. It could happen to you; so go. Nuptials followed by a drunk, at a large, well-known suburban motel.

DIVORCED: Dennis Tiberis, 20, Treasurer of the Engineering Society, from Miss A. Propriation. She charged abuse of responsibility, and said that he often planned to abscond with most of her possessions. The divorce will become final this April. The judge berated Tiberis soundly for his lack of judgment and sleight of hand tactics.

BORN: To Mr. and Mrs. China, middle-bottom class citizens of the world, No. 7 Red Street, a baby bomb. Already neighbours are complaining about the after-effects, but the proud parents are paying no heed. The child has been given no name, but as it is their first, they are calling it "A."

FINISHED: one thesis on the Ruby Laser by L.R.X. Morris, 22, typed by Lynne Lovely, age unknown, after many (3) weeks of intensive study and concentration. Said LRX, "this thesis certainly is the most "coherent" written this year."

MARRIED: D.M.Q. Monro, at a lavish Ottawa wedding, attended by various Mafioso, to Anne Affleck. Said Mr. Monro. "Eh "

DIED: Several Mickies, owner of great liquid resources. Mr. Mickies passed away from advanced consumption on Saturday, October 24. The funeral was held that same day, as the world-renowned LGMB played the "Lasht Posht" in respect.

CURED: of a near-fatal case of indigestion following a lavish skule Dinner, Harvey L. Shepherd, esteemed Varsity editor. Said Mr. Shepherd, "Burp!"

DIED: Several issues of another campus paper, probably before they were even born, from acute boredom, lack of perception, and smothering of interest.

BORN: a new campus paper, published by a college on campus, or slightly to the west of campus if you prefer. Despite the pun used for its name it is expected that it will be a strong and healthy addition to the University family.

ROBBED: of hundreds of dollars of hard-earned money and hundreds of hours of much-needed time, 12,000 U of T students by the U of T B—store. Comments heard in passing: F! F! FFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF!

BORN: University College has announced the birth of a new Refectory. Unfortunately, however, we are forced to admit that there are still not cafeterias on campus. Cafeterias serve food.

EXECUTED: one more Engineering masterpiece, Skule Nite, talent, girls, and hard work once again combined to form another superb show. Said the producer when it was over, "Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz."

WANTED: Reviewer for the Varsity. Unnecessary to attend the performance.

JUSTIFIED: one campus newspaper. Of necessity. Not very well.

10 — TOIKE OIKE Thursday, November 26, 1944

SHOW BUSINESS

DYLAN

When blue-jeaned, suede-jacketed, curly-headed Bob Dylan bellowed out the words "It ain't me babe" at Massey hall November 13, no truer words were spoken. The unbelievable Mr. Dylan (see Toike, Sept. 18, 1961) again proved himself to be champion of the braying asset. Piercing-voice, jangled chords and disjointed harmonic shrieks marred the articulate beauty of his lyrics. Unmercilessly, Dylan stumbled over about twelve songs becoming progressively worse as time went on. Like an undaunted Caesar, he stood buffeted by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune and still remained open mouthed. **BEARDED BEAT.**

The gods were against Dylan from the start. His harmonica holder broke in protest, the microphone system gave up in anxiety and even Dylan forgot his own lyrics; yet the show went on and on and on. Oblivious to all these obvious flaws, the audiences, bathed in beatitude, sat wide-eyed and worshipping, drinking it all in. Bearded, beat and obviously extremely "with it", they all looked on Mr. Dylan as a messiah come to deliver them from the cesspool that is society. Dylan, however,



BOB DYLAN

"My eye."

succeeded only in rearranging the garbage floating on top and left his paying guests in slough.

No one can say that his songs are not masterpieces of poetic composition. The as yet unrecorded "Gates of Eden" and "Mr. Tamborine Man" are incomparable works but would survive much better if sung even by such an archaic relic as Rudy Valee.

SUPERMAN

It was impossible to reach Bob Dylan to find out what stuff his dreams were made on. Just as superman is indestructable, so was Mr. Dylan uninterwiewable. Try as we might, we could not talk to anyone but his greasy-headed, skinny panted travelling companion who told us in indelicate terms that Mr. Dylan was going to Connecticut directly and that a ———— interview would be no ———— good. But yet no one went home disappointed. The unbelievers left still unbelieving, the cult left still worshipping, the poets left still raving. Only Bob Dylan took away with him something he had not come with dash many hundreds of dollars.

Marilyn Beker



NO, I JUST DROVE UP ST. GEORGE
BETWEEN CLASSES TODAY!

CINEMA

FESTIVAL AT SKULE

In a year starved for screen greatness, the Nth annual Engineering Film Festival is currently drawing huge crowds. Dedicated to low-budget epics, the Festival features many carelessly-made, brilliantly-acted gems.

Some of the films fall short but others give glowing evidence that cinema, for all its vicissitude, remains an astonishingly diversified international art. Many countries and courses were represented, among the better entries are:

FRAMES OF REFERENCE is a raw slice of contemporary drama filmed for the CBC. With an air of little pretension we are shown that the two heroes (portrayed by Doctors Hume and Ivey of our own university) clearly do not know which way is up. Making use of such common household items as the record player and the dry ice puck, they prove conclusively that it's hard to know whether you're coming or going (or both).

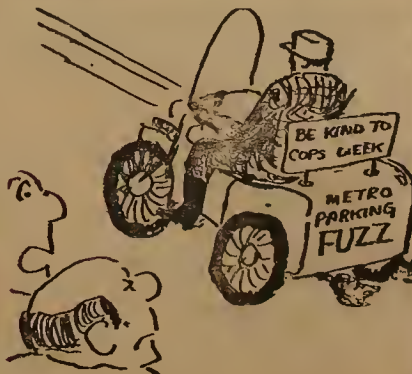
But the film, provocative and educational, did prove that a little showmanship is essential in the lab.

A HARD DAY'S REFERENCE: Two young, handsome British singer-physicists (George D and Ringo) attempt to show their playgirlish sweethearts that motion is purely relative to the position of the observer. Cleverly utilizing common household items such as the dry ice puck (capably portrayed by Paul McCartney) they illustrate the common laws of Physics while singing 8 brand new songs.

GT 84: Filmed in awe-inspiring Italy, this film is a protest against the reactionary views of the upper-classes. Originally the dialogue was in Fortran, but now this suspense-filled polemic bears English subtitles. Producer-director Fellini (I civil) has projected his cryptic thoughts on the screen in an adaptation of the award-winning "Clark's Tables."

MR. JEFFERSON: This film has brought forth a rage of controversy both within and without the Engineering Society. Filmed in the "verité style," the life of the president is uncovered in all its raw-guts shame and glory. Not yet released to the public, the future of this expose remains undecided.

MONDO CANNON No 2: After the huge success of Mondo Cannon it is not surprising to see a second attempt. The new film is twice as daring, twice as shocking and twice as disgusting. We see helmet-butting ceremonies and the despicable living conditions of artisans. Esthetic it is not. Mondo Cannon No. 2 is heavily laden with sex and is therefore destined for a great success on campus.



MAN! THERE'S A GREEN HORNET
WITH A REALISTIC OUTLOOK!

BOOKS

A PATAGONIAN MISURE OF HUZZANGA.

Ho-hum. Once again a General Arts freshman, wild with newfound intellectual freedom (but unfortunately unpossessed of an intellect) decided to reveal the sparse contents of his little mind on the subject of Science, something he doesn't understand too well. And so once again an attempt on the part of one of the two cultures to communicate with the other fails due to the lack of knowledge about, and understanding of, the other.

In "A Patagonian Glance at Science" (U.C. GARGLE, Nov. 5) basket-weaving freshman "Ding" Donny (Tiger) Mukluk makes assumptions about the assumptions of Science, and proceeds to debunk his assumed assumptions. "There is a prevailing fallacy among Scientists



MUMMY MUMSIE
The Taste Of Lye Soop

that Science deals with facts" gurgles the Gargle-writer, whose brother is a striking Etobicoke garbage collector and prime source of the Gargle's copy. One feels slightly ill on reading what Donny thinks Scientists should think because they are not basket-weavers. One also feels that there is a basic phallus about Ding Donny.

In the course of his poorly organized deluge of misconceptions good old Tiger rudely scorches his readers' eyeballs with some very naughty words. This abuse of polite conventions led Toike to try and dig up some dirt about Tiger to explain his disrespect for society, and as expected, Toike's research staff unearthed a mound of skeletons in the family closet.

To begin with, Donny's birth certificate is forged, and he knows it. His father was a mad Scientist who invented artificial people, and hence it is only natural that Tiger's resent-



ARTSIE MUKLUK
A Mound Of Huzzango

ment at not having a navel, (among other things) like all the other little boys leads to a hatred of his father, which of course leads to an insane hatred of all Science.

Another flaw in Mukluk's character is similar to the flaw that was Schopenhauer's downfall: he hates his Mommy. Known professionally as Bertha Muggs, Mrs. Mukluk is a former lady wrestler and Olympic Huzzangaslinger (Toike, Jan 1933). The problem is quite clear: At the age of 17 dear little Donny has reached his full growth (4'8", 174 lbs., pimples) and realizes that he will never be as big as Mummy. Stung to the quick, he releases his feelings of inadequacy by lashing out at those he does not understand. His constant use of one "dirty word" which he learned from a nice man in a YMCA washroom in Washington, D.C. (Toike, Oct. 1964) is his best vehicle for finding himself. We are quite sure he hasn't shown the Gargle to "Mumsy", because we all know how bad is the taste of Grandma's lye soap. And we know he must agree that Toike has been as fair with his petty reputation as he has been with the good name of Science.

SPORT

FOOTBALL

Skule superior algebraically

The following is offered as scientific proof that the engineers were the best team in interfaculty competition.

1 — P.H.E. defeated St. Mikes, thus Skule is better St. Mikes.

2 — Skule defeated P.H.E., thus Skule is better than P.H.E.

Combining equations 1 and 2,

Skule is better than P.H.E. is better than St. Mikes Now.

3 — St. Mikes defeated Vic, thus St. Mikes is better than Vic.

4 — Skule defeated St. Mikes, thus Skule is better than St. Mikes

Combining equations 3 and 4,

Skule is better than St. Mikes is better than Vic.

Conclusion : Skule should have won the Mulock Cup.

More seriously, though, the engineers were well represented in interfaculty competition this year. The team gave a good account of themselves in the evenly — matched league, and had only begun to hit their stride at season's end. Unfortunately for Skule, only two teams from the first division are eligible to enter the Mulock cup play-offs, so the cleats return to mothballs, and it remains to distribute the bouquets.

Being primarily a team sport, it is perhaps unfair to cite individuals, but the efforts of John Kochmur (voted MVP by his team-mates) and quarterback Ron Arends were outstanding enough in victory and defeat to merit honourable mention.

A great deal of credit is also due the triumvirate coaching staff of Dave Ross, Ted Bound, and Ross Miller, who instilled a great deal of spirit into the team when things looked bleak.

SOCCKER

A tradition of victory broken

Powerful Sr. Skule surprised no-one by finishing in first place in interfac. soccer competition, but astounded all by losing their first game in two and a half years, to none other than under-rated Trinity. The lone defeat left Skule tied for first place with St. Mikes on points, but the seniors got the title through a better goal average.

In spite of the Trinity defeat, the seniors continued to look like the class of the league at the end of regular season play. Their last four games were comprised of victories over U.C. (3-0) and Vic (2-0), the loss to Trinity (0-1), and a final thumping of Meds (4-2). The Meds game, last of the regular season, was highlighted with fine shooting by Helmut Brosz and Dag Furst, who each potted a pair of goals. Others who featured prominently in the second half of the season are Eugenio Marotta, Janez Kocmur, and Oli Cajanek. The Trinity game was doubly injurious to Skule, as they lost defensive stalwart Bill Cole for the remainder of the season with a broken arm.

The seniors placed three men on the interfaculty all stars; Brosz, Cajanek, and goalie DeAbreu, and they should have little trouble copping the interfac. silverware again this year.

Jr. Skule wound up their season in the first division rather inconspicuously, managing only a tie with Meds (1-1), followed by consecutive defeats by Vic (2-1), and U.C. (4-1). The juniors simply found the competition in group I a little over their heads this year, and only the fast footwork of manager — coach Helmut Brosz and V. Korsh kept them in the game many times.

RUGGER

A game for geologists and miners

Skule has had excellent representation in rugger this year as we entered two of our best teams ever. Both teams made the play-offs, with one team winning the group II title in the process, thus getting a chance in the tough group I play-offs.

Eng. I is the team that had to fight every inch of the way in group one to secure a play-off position. However, their remarkable effort had cost them several injuries which told heavily against them in the play-offs. Dullio Gemmati was the first major casualty, and with him Skule lost the fastest scrum-half in group one and an excellent play-maker. Geoffrey Iles was another heavy loss to the back line which was so efficient at breaking up the oppositions plays that it was to our advantage when the opposition got the ball. Eric Seppala and Gary Closson were fast, steady forwards who played a tough game, and as hooker in the scrums Gary proved more than a match for the bigger forward lines at getting the ball out to his backs. Pete Zvilna was the big man in the line-outs and shows great promise for future years.

Although Eng. I lost out in the play-offs, we cannot help but think that they would have won had they been at full strength.

After three years together as a team, Eng. II finally came into their own and remained undefeated throughout the regular league schedule. Veterans John Parry, Brian Long, and John Carrington provided a nucleus of experience and taught the game to the newcomers. In the scrum, Scott Griffiths, Hugh Manuel, and John Vinklers all stood up well against the often heavier opposition, and Terry Bedard at hooker was at times unbeatable. John Parry's new position at scrum-half proved a good one as he was able to organize the team as well as run the ball himself. This years backfield proved excellent. Brian Long, Paul Stepanek, and John Keener Carrington accounted for most of the points.

It was a team effort all the way, and in the semi-finals against Trinity A, Skule was barely nipped out by the black and red, 10-0.

Oli Cajanek, the Rugger Commissioner, would like to

thank all the players for their effort and cooperation (particularly at the 8 A.M. practices) and to those engineers who played rugger for other faculties, — give us a try next year, eh?

HOCKEY

Dubious openers

The young shiny season has brought Skule's pucksters considerable heart-failure and very little to cheer about. To date, Sr. Eng. has dropped two close ones, to St. Mikes (4-3) and Vic (6-5). Although they were not outclassed in either game, they seemed to have trouble putting two good periods of hockey together. Things are generally bright, however, as the forward lines are beginning to combine quite well, and the defence, big and solid, needs only to jell to be the best in the league. In spite of the record to date, the team should shape up to contend for the Jennings Silverware.

The juniors also started slowly, succumbing to powerful Law (3-1) and Vic (3-0). They do not look out of place in the league, however, and the Vic game was closer than the score would indicate. Under coaches Bob Royle and Doug Smith the juniors are going to be tough in group III.

LACROSSE

All done but one

Skule's lone representative in the interfaculty lacrosse play-offs this year will be Eng. III, who captured the group 5 title, and will be tough for anybody when the chips are down. Our premiere attraction in the first division, Eng. I, finished respectably in fourth place, and Eng. II were anchor-men in group 4.

—Steve Wilson

EDUCATION

(continued from page 4)

where for eight years we draw pictures which look the same as they did when drawn in Grade I; Social Studies where for 4 years you have heard the same story about Indians; Natural Science where for seven years you make the same leaf collection; Reading where you must spend 6 years before you are capable to read anything above the level of Dick and Jane nonsense.

We make the following suggestions to improve the Ontario Educational Systems:—

1. The requirement of a B.A. as the minimum standard for an elementary school teacher — this we justify by the memory of the fact that all the dregs of our Grade 13 class are now elementary school teachers.

2. The complete updating of all courses taught in the elementary school system.

3. The making of Grade 13 truly equivalent to a "Free" year in University.

4. The recognition by Ontario educators of the fact that our present educational system is on a lower level than that of most the developed world.

5. The earlier specialization of students in their own particular field of interest.

ATTENTION! CLASS OF 6T5!

There are some people who do not read notice boards, calendars, text books, Time, Life or Mod . . . But they do look at Toike Oike, we hear . . . If you are one of these people . . . If you intend to start working after the spring exams are over . . . If you cannot locate an employer, on employment idea or the Mill Building . . . We suggest that you might drop into room 102 in the Mechanical Building at one o'clock on Friday (27th) and spend an hour investigating the arrangements that have been made for you by the University Placement Service to do all of these things at once during one three day period.

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ARTISTS

JOE GRUBB (1860)

The modern reader would recognize his name on the occasional illustrations of pie-crusts or cereal boxes in the 'Good Housekeeping' Magazine. The singular Joe Grubb would be an even more remarkable man had he died on October 16, 1960. He would then have been the only well-known artist to have lived that long.

Unfortunately, he is still alive: a fat, healthy centenarian in his 105th year. Somewhat shy and reticent he does not like to dwell on his multiple accomplishments. He doesn't even mention that he has often been compared by the world's art critics to the illustrious though short-lived Toulouse van Gopher.

It is a well-known fact that Grubb was one of the early proponents of impressionism. We were quite astonished to discover that he was actually its founder. Shyly, he credits his discovery to the fact that as a youth he was short-sighted. "One day," he recalls, "I misplaced my glasses. And presto! The world became a blotchy, undefined mess." It was at this point that he had sown the seed of impressionism; his generosity, however, allowed other painters to reap it.

His contributions to cubism are well known. His controversial Studies in Pornography: "The Lesbian Larvae", "The Nude Ladybug", and "The Queer Passions of the Earthworm" (see Plate I), have stirred the art collectors' imagination.

At the age of 47 he began to doubt the existence of Santa Claus. Under the pseudonym of "Virginia" he wrote that well-known letter to the New York newspaper. The answer was not entirely satisfactory to his sensitive nature and he founded the school of surrealism. This venture would have proven a failure had he not had the backing of the imposing Ernesto Fitzgerald Bullscheisser, the dramatic enigma of his age, whose very name carried the weight of three European cultures.

It is in the field of accidental art that Grubb really asserted his position. From amongst his Studies in Black, the canvas simply titled *The Gutters of Shangrilah* (Plate II), has never been surpassed in design, composition, and clever use of colour. His last study in the series is still a secret, but he has told us that it will be called *Blind Man's Buff*. We were allowed to photograph the gigantic canvas (Plate III). Obviously, it is quite a revolutionary departure — a break with tradition.

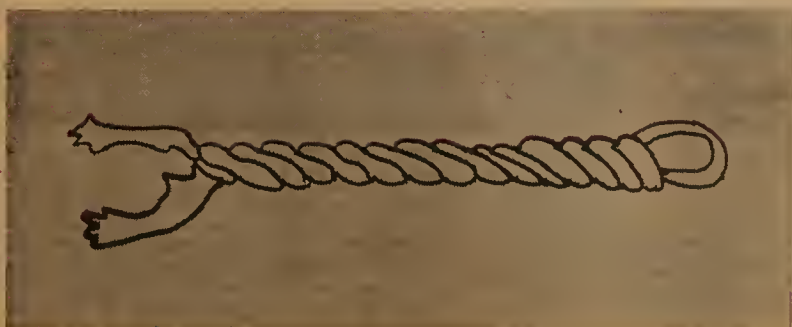
Let us hope that Grubb, the visionary inspiration of generations of artists, continues to inspire many more to the highest levels of mediocrity. With this in mind, we will close with his inspiring motto, which he shyly credits to a wash-room wall in Rome, but which is obviously an original expression of his mind and of his art: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do."



The Gutters of Shangrilah



Blind Man's Buff



The Queer Passions of the Earthworm

PAINTING

THE MONA LISA by Leonardo da Vinci

If the artist has tried to present a study of a boring, leering, treacherous female, he has indeed succeeded. If he has tried to do something else, obviously it is too evasive from the artistic point of view.

While the background in the picture seems serene, her eyes (minus the eyelashes) and the smile certainly do not match the composition. The mouth has a devilish sense of contradiction with the surroundings and leaves the observer with a lustful after-taste. Nevertheless, the eyes do compensate for the mouth and do carry away some of the sensuously vulgar elements from the mouth where we find traces of the four-o'clock-shadow. One cannot help feeling that this misplaced vegetation might have graced the naked orbs.

While da Vinci, "my friends call me Len", has been productive in many disciplines, art does not seem to be his greatest forte. It is possible that he could improve, but his accomplishments in engineering and architecture have been far more impressive.

Nevertheless, da Vinci should receive honourable mention for his tireless efforts in all fields.

ART EXHIBITS

POP ART EXHIBIT—all week; 10-5, Hart House Foyer of men's rest-room (ladies admitted to Hart House 2-5 p.m.)

GREAT MASTERS' EXHIBIT—November 28, 1967; 2:05 a.m.—2:09 a.m., Union Station, C.P.R. chartered train (special pre-Broadway viewing).

PICASSO EXHIBIT—all month; Toronto Humane Society. Special commentary based on the recently discovered correspondence of the late wife of the painter (Donations to the S.P.C.A. gratefully accepted).

GROUP OF 81—all the time; a special exhibit by eight fully starved and one half-starved local artist.

ONE, TWO, THREE...

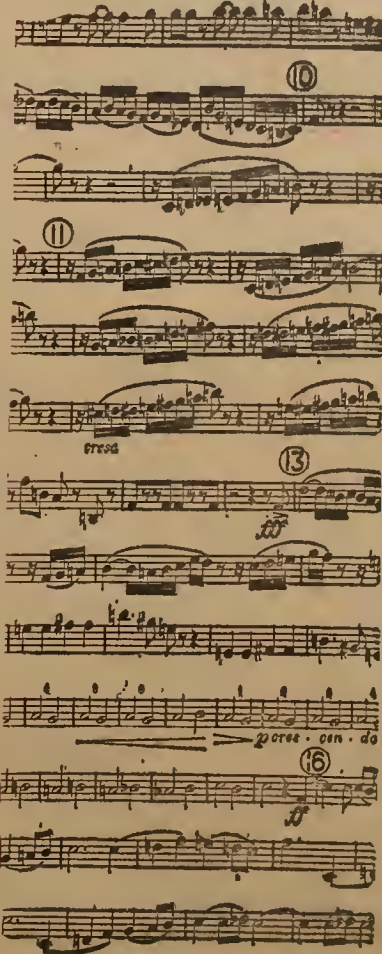
Bursting with great pleasure and satisfaction indeed, "Bursty" Kerr, the Minister of Cultural Development for Skule, announced last week that the glorious Lady Godiva Memorial Band will give an all-music concert at the Bohemian Embassy (7 St. Nicholas St.) at mid-night of Saturday, November 28. The concert, to take the form of a music appreciation seminar, will be a veritable blazing milestone in the history of Skule, for it goes down as the fifth annual appearance of the magnificent L.G.M.B. within the dingy halls of the consulate. During their last concert, the Band was commissioned by Don Cullen, the Bohemian Ambassador, as the Symphony Orchestra of Bohemia—the S.O.B.

Indications are that the concert will be the best organized of the five-year plan concerts. When recently interviewed about their forthcoming musical assault, the SOB leader and restrainer DMQ Monro, said, "Jim, what the hell can we play Saturday?" Mr. Monro is working on his Ph D (Piled Higher and Deeper) at U of T.

As part of their policy of counter-acting the atonal musical illiteracy and revisionism of modern composers, jazz musicians and Band X, the only band that carried a B&W box, the Minister indicates that they would master the "Eighteen-ought-twelve Overture". (see score), slop through Ravel's Bolero, and butcher Von Soup's "Light Cavalier Overture" at the concert. Jokes and salacious verse from the football games should also stud the evening. He concludes by quoting the LGMB's long standing motto: If youse can't play it good, play it loud.

Bohemian embassy, Nov. 28, midnight, an event not easily avenged, nor erased from human memory.

1st Bb Flugel Horn



and plates two or more deep. Do not leave such things as coin-wrappers, gloves, license plates, a siphon hose, or anything that resembles a weapon or a tool in a parked car—the police may be waiting when you get back. Cars have the great disadvantage of having license plates. Use them only when necessary. Trucks must be used even more sparingly.

"One naturally assumes that police officers check all panel trucks seen during the night and any vehicle seen several times or acting in a suspicious manner."

Know Thyself. In spite of the above precautions, you may get stopped. You must, like the Boy Scouts, be prepared. Know why you are where you are; a ready answer creates a good impres-

sion. If your story depends on a knowledge of the area, make sure you have that knowledge, or get another story. Know who you are and where you live. Know everything on your driver's license and vehicle registration. Be familiar with the operation of your car, including the most insignificant switch. It is also well to know the information on the lubrication sticker (or

remove it, the mileage, and the contents of the trunk and glove compartment (assuming it is safe to talk about them.) Whatever story you use, make sure everyone is familiar with it. You will be separated at the earliest opportunity and will have little chance to get together on a story.

Be Friendly. If you are in a motor vehicle, the pretext for stopping you will likely be the iniquitous but common spot check. If you are on foot, you will probably be asked if you know a certain person who allegedly lives nearby, if you know seen anything suspicious, or if you are the person who phoned in a complaint.

The officer will be aggressive. He will, for example, ask the license number of your car, not whether you have a car. He doesn't really know; he just doesn't want to suggest a lie to you. Be on guard; the next question will be, "May I have your name and address to show that I have investigated this inquiry in this area?" When you are stopped, be surprised, but not nervous or indignant. Answer all questions fully and willingly, but don't be garrulous; the person who talks too much is generally trying to divert attention from something. Lie only if you are desperate or if you have an exceptional memory. It is much better to tell friend Cossack something he already knows or something that will do him no good. Be friendly and cooperative. Remember, if he know anything, he wouldn't be playing games; he would have arrested you. The object is to show him how docile you are, not how smart. If you arouse his suspicions or dislikes he will arrest you, evidence or no. Metro's finest

start worrying but don't show it. Don't fidget, lick your lips, look at your watch or betray similar signs of nervousness. You can gain some idea of the police's idea of you from their questioning techniques. If they feel you are in emotional offender, one who acted without thought and is probably sorry, they will show sympathy, downgrade the seriousness of the crime, (until they have a confession), express friendship, and try to convey the impression that they are being as kind as possible. If, on the other hand, they feel that you are a professional criminal, they will adopt a tough-guy attitude. In any case, they will tell you that they already have all the information they need for a conviction, your partner has confessed, you can make it easier on yourself by doing the same.

Don't believe it. If they know all they say they do, they wouldn't be trying so hard. Maintain your innocence, but do it calmly; feverish denials are evidence of guilt. Don't give away even a small point; Police are instructed to "Rather than seek a general admission of guilt, first question the subject about some specific detail." Information about that specific detail will encourage them to hunt for other. Don't fall for any line about "getting it off your chest." Confession may be good for the soul, but remember, "He who confessed hangs first." If there is still hope of convincing the police of your innocence, don't insist on your rights, or anything else.

If it becomes obvious that they have found you guilty, then insist on your rights, especially your right to remain silent and your right to counsel, who can tell you about the others. Remember, Metro's finest are instructed that "if a man insists on his rights" — go along with him — and talk him out of it."

As a final thought, if you are acting as a decoy, do the exact opposite of everything above. Act as suspiciously as you can, but be sure to break no laws (be careful of loitering), and make sure that there

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are instructed to fake "reasonable grounds" for arrest by acting on a tip from an "anonymous informant" or by deciding you fit the description of a wanted person. (There are enough vague descriptions of wanted people around to cover virtually everyone).

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is no proveable connection between you and the actual crime. Indeed, even if you have no connection with anything remotely criminal, it may be interesting to let the police arrest you. It makes a great subject to write to your newspaper and M. P. about. Aod remember, you don't have to be a rabbi to sue the cops.

PEOPLE

All of us have something in our backgrounds of which we may be duly proud. And so we would like to congratulate **JOHN ROBERTS**, President of SAC, for that part of his past which is so pleasing to those who have any taste at all. You see, John was once an Engineer.

Where there's smoke there's fire. And with this thought in mind, **JOHN BIRD**, Assistant Professor, Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering, has blasted those professors and students who acted so appallingly during the recent alarm in the Sid. Smith Building. Well said, Mr. Bird. Would that more people were as conscientious and sensible as you. Or at least that the knew better than to laugh at those who are only trying to do their jobs.

BARRY G., formerly of Phoenix Arizona, when asked to comment on the reason for the recent move of his family and department store to Kansas City, was heard to reply, "I thought that Missouri loves company."

A nom de plume has been the salvation of many a writer. Or so says that well-known author **PRO IUSTITIA**. Mr. Iustitia, in his scathing attacks on many of our "most precious and venerable institutions", seems to bear a strong resemblance to a young man who is constantly attacking him for not having the guts to use his real name.

The young man's name **CONTRA IUSTITIAM**. Some people seem to enjoy the feeling of being able to cause trouble. And so a certain faculty on campus has proclaimed loudly that The Feud is about to begin. We have only one comment to make. Look again, fellows. What paint?

WAI BAK, famed Greek historian and dramatist, was overheard in a downtown Athens tailorshop by a roving reporter of the Toike. "Euripides?" asked his tailor. "Yes," replied Bak. "Eumendides?"

Returning from a 900 year vacation, that well-known society matron, **LADY GODIVA**, has again graced this campus with her presence. After baring her soul (and a few other things) to those in the Engineering Stores, she did a replay of her famous ride, much to the embarrassment of the many artsmen who happened to walk in front of her horse (and of the Engineers who happened to be walking behind it.) "Many thanx for the warm reception," she said, "and we'll be seeing you at the CANNONBALL."

WORLD BUSINESS

THE COLLECTING GAME

There has developed over the past few years the disturbing habit of souvenir collecting. Not only has this bug affected the ordinary fan, but it has also rubbed off substantially on the athletes involved in sport. It is doubtful if Gordie Howe has a full set of Hockey cards dating from his inception into the league in 1941, or if Allan Stanley is desperately attempting to get rid of his three Bill Durnans for an Emile Bouchard (he was at a premium in 1951.) But one thing can be certain, the collecting craze is here to stay.

Not everyone wants his own Hockey Hall of Fame or a Cooperstown memorial building, but most athletes covet all the minor momentos of their endeavour with great enthusiasm. The problem, however, is growing every year. New equipment, grasping fans, and public over-exposure have created disturbing impediments for the souvenir fanatic. No more evidence of this is required than a brief reminder of Murray Oliver's tragic loss in this year's All Star Game. Carl Brewer (read cad) deliberately lifted the rubber disk into the upper blues after fishing it out from behind Mr. Sawchuck. Oliver has offered several inducements to the quick-handed spectator in order to retrieve the sacred sphere, but alas to no avail.

Absurd, you think? There has been worse. We all remember that glorious day when Maury Wills slid spikes flying into second base to the delighted roar of the Los Angeles crowd-his 104th stolen base. So what happened? The quick-thinking man in blue dashed over to Maury and presented him with the weighty souvenir freshly-dug from the infield. Horrors had he stolen home instead.

Goalposts, hockey sticks, baseballs, octopi and so on are all fair game in the growing crescendo of saving fanaticism. But more extreme instances can easily be foreseen. Try these for size . . . Mantle hits a long fly over the centre field fence in Yankee Stadium. The result? The owners donate the entire fifty-foot high barrier to the slugger's collection. Davy West hoops his 550th point in Intercollegiate competition. His reward? The Hart House basketball hoop. The U of T rowing team captures its fourth championship in a row. Give them Lake Simcoe.

Not satisfied with Arnold Palmer's signature? Howabout a jock strap, Keon's false teeth, Hull's bottle of Vitis? Not satisfied yet? Imlach's rabbit foot suit you, or Bruce Kidd's hat, or Paul Wilson's toe? Want more? Bowling champ Johnny King's old cigars, the Beast's hair, Cassius Clay's mouth? Still with me? How about the British teams' fourth wicket, Jim Trimble's shoulders, Enos Slaughter's toupee? Who needs trophies? The Stanley Cup is passe, Lou March's chalice is chintzy. Why not go the limit. If Athens has its Pantheon, Moscow its Lenin's tomb — why shouldn't we have a sports mausoleum, or better yet, an athletic crematorium. What a drawing card!

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As explained in previous advertisements in this series, the chief purpose of the Association is to administer The Professional Engineers' Act of Ontario — which safeguards the public by the proper licensing of those engaged in the professional practice of engineering.

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